

DIRECTIONS
TO A
PAINTER.

FOR

Describing our Naval Business:
In Imitation of Mr. WALLER.

BEING

The Last Works

OF

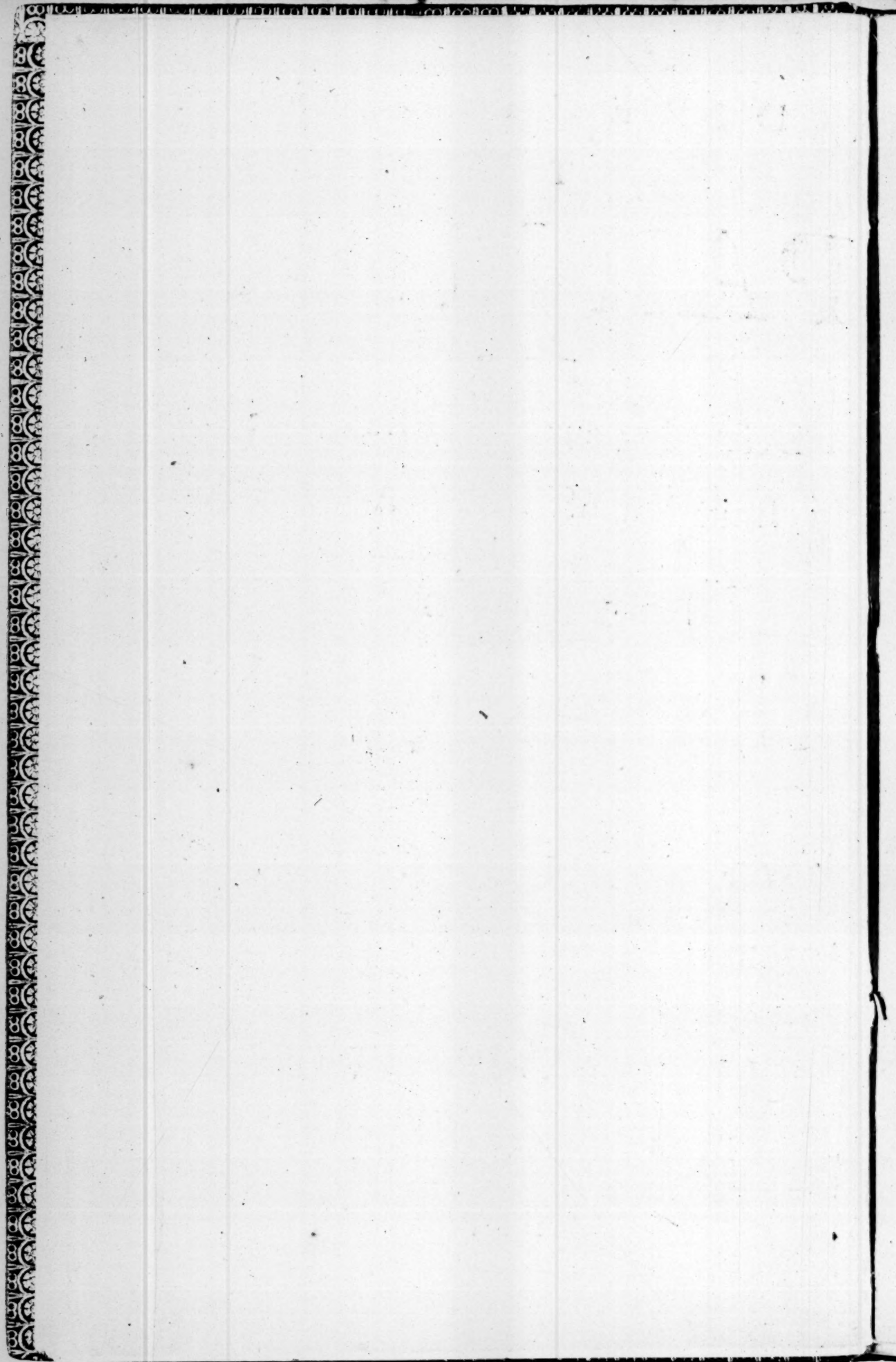
Sir IOHN DENHAM.

Whereunto is annexed,

CLARINDONS House-Warming.

By an Unknown AUTHOR.

Printed in the Year 1667.





DIRECTIONS
TO A
PAINTER.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

Nay Painter, if thou dar'st design that fight,
Which *Waller* only courage had to write,
If thy bold hands can without shaking draw
What ev'n th' Actors trembled at when they saw,
Enough to make thy colours change like theirs,
And all thy Pencils bristle like their Hairs.)

First in fit distance of the prospect main,
Paint *Allen* tiling at the Coast of *Spain*;
Heroick ad! and never heard till now!
Stemming of *Herc'les* pillars with the prow!
And how he left his Ships the Hills to waft,
And with new Sea-marks *Cales* and *Dover* graft.

B

Next

Next let the flaming *London* come in view,
 Like *Nero's Rome*, burnt to rebuild it new;
 What less'r Sacrifice than this, was meet
 To offer for the safety of the Fleet?
 Blow one ship up, another thence will grow:
 See what free Cities and wise Courts can do!
 So some old Merchant, to insure his Name,
 Marries afresh, and Courtiers share the Dame:
 So whatsoe'er is broke, the Servants pay't,
 And Glasses are more durable than Plate..
 No May'r will now, so rich a Pageant feign'd,
 Nor one Barge all the Company's contain'd.

Then Painter, draw *Cerulean Coventry*,
 Keeper, or rather Chancelour o'th' Sea;
 And more exactly to express his hue,
 Use nothing but *Ultra-Marinish Blue*.
 To pay his fees, the silver Trumpet spends,
 And Boat-swains whistle, for his place depends.
 Pilots in vain repeat their Compa'ss o'er,
 Until of him they learn that one point more.
 The constant Magnet to the Pole doth hold,
 Steel to the Magnet, *Coventry* to Gold.
Muscovy sells us Pitch, and Hemp, and Tar;
 Iron and Copper, *Sweden*; *Munster*, War;
Ashly, Prize; *Warwick*, Customs; *Cart'ret*, Pay;
 But *Coventry* doth sell the Fleet away.

Now let our Navy stretch its Canvas Wings,
 Swoln like his purse, with Tackling like his strings,
 By slow degrees of the increasing gale,
 First under sail, and after under sale:
 Then in kind visit unto *Opdam's Gout*,
 Hedge the Dutch in, onely to let them out.
 So hunt men fair unto the Hares give Law,
 First find them, and then civilly withdraw.

That

That the blind Archer, when they take the Seas,
The *Hambrough*-Convoy may betray with ease.
So, that the fish may more securely bite,
The Angler baits the River over night.

But Painter, now prepare t' enrich thy piece,
Pencil of Ermins, Oyl of *Ambergreece* :
See where the Dutchess with triumphant trail
Of numerous Coaches, *Harwich* does assail !
So the Land-Crabs, at Natures kindly call,
Down to ingender to the Sea do crawl.
See then the Admiral with Navy whole,
To *Harwich* through the Ocean carry Coal :
So Swallows buried in the Sea at Spring,
Return to Land with Summer in their Wing.

One thrifty Ferry-boat of Mother Pearl,
Suffic'd, of old, the *Citherean Girl* ;
Yet Navies are but proper its when here,
A small Sea-Mask, and built to court your Dear :
Three Goddesses in one, *Pallas* for art,
Venus for sport, but *Juno* in your heart.
O Dutchess ! if thy Nuptial pomp was mean,
'Tis paid with intrest in thy Naval Scene.
Never did *Roman Mark* within the *Nile*,
So feast the fair *Egyptian Crocodile* ;
Nor the *Venetian Duke* with such a state
The *Adriatick* murray, at that rate.

Now Painter, spare thy weaker Art, forbear
To draw her parting passions, and each tear ;
For Love, alas ! hath but a short delight :
The Sea, the Dutch, the King, all call to fight.
She therefore the Dukes person recommends
To *Brunker, Pen, and Coventry*, her friends ;
To *Pen* much, *Brunker* more, most *Coventry* :
For they she knew were all more fraid then he :

4. *Directions for a Painter.*

Of flying Fishes one had sav'd the Fin,
And hop'd by this be through the air might spin;
The other thought he might avoid the Knell,
By the invention of the Diving Bell;
The third had try'd it, and affirm'd a Cable
Coyle round about him, was impenetrable.
But these the Duke rejected, only chose
To keep far off; let others interpose.
Rupert, that knew no fear, but health did want,
Kept still suspend'd in a Chair volant;
And save his head shut in that wooden case,
He shew'd but like a broken Weather glass;
But arm'd with the whole Lyon Cap-a-Chin,
Did represent the *Hercules* within.
Dear shall the *Dutch* his twining anguish know,
And see what valour what with pain can do.
Curn in the present time be that treach'rous *Jack*,
That through his princely Temples drove the Nail.
Rupert resolv'd to fight it like a Lyon,
And *Sandwich* hop'd to fight it like *Arion*;
He to prolong his Life in the dispute,
And charm the *Holland Pirates*, tun'd his Lute,
Till some judicious *Dolphin* might approach,
And land him safe and sound as any Roach.

Now Painter, resume thy Pencils care,
Thou hast but skirmish'd yet, now fight prepare.
And draw the Battel terrible to show,
As the last Judgement was to *Anneslow*.

First let our Navy scour through silver froth,
The Oceans burthen, and the Kingdoms both;
While very bulk may represent its birth,
From *Hide* and *Paston*, burthens of the Earth;
Hy- whose transcendent panch so swells of late,
That be the Rupture seems of Law and State;

Paston

Paston whose belly bears more Millions
 Than *Indian Carrocks*, and contains more tuns.
 Let fish also of *Porpoises* on every side
 Wonder in twimming by our *Oak* out-vy'd;
 And the *Sea-fowl* all gaze, t' behold a thing
 So vast, more swift and strong than they of wing.
 But with pre-saging *George*, yet keep in fight,
 And follow for the Reliques of a fight.
 Then let the *Dutch* with well-dissembled fear,
 Or bold despair, more than we wish, draw near:
 As which our Gallants, to the *Sea* but tender,
 And more to fight, their easie *Stomachs* render,
 With belts so panting, that at ev'ry stroke
 You might have felt their hearts beat through the
 While one concerned in the Interval (Oak:
 Or straining choller, thus did vent his Call:

Noth be damn'd! and all his Race accurst,
 Who in *Sea* brine did pickle *Timber* first!
 What though he planted *Vines*, he *Pines* cut down,
 He taught us how to drink, and how to drown:
 He first built *Ships*, and in his *Wooden Wall*,
 Saving but eight, e'er since endanger'd all.
 And thou *Dutch Necromantick Fryar*, be damn'd,
 And in thine own first *Mortar-piece* be ram'd!
 Who first invented *Canon* in thy Cell,
 Nitre from *Earth*, and *Brimstone* fetch from *Hell*.
 But damnd and treble damnd be *Clarendine*,
 Our seventh *Edward*, with all his *Houje* and *Line*!
 Who to divert the danger of the *War*
 With *Bristol*, bounds us on the *Hollander*:
 Fool-coated *Gownman*! sells, to fight with *Hance*,
Dunkirk; dismantling *Scotland*, quarrels *France*:
 And hopes he now hath bus'ness shap'd, and power
 T' out-last our *Lives* or his, and scape the *Tower*;

And

*And that he yet may see, ere he go down,
His dear Clarinda circled in a Crown.*

By this time both the Fleets in reach dispute;
And each the other mortally salute:
Draw pensive Neptune biting of his *Thumbs*,
To think himself a *Slave*, whoe'er o'ercomes.
The frighted *Nymphs* retreating to their Rocks,
Beating their blew Breasts, tearing their green Locks.
Paint *Eccho* slain, onely th' alternate sound
From the repeating Cannon do h rebound.
Opdam sails placed on his Naval Throne,
Assuming Courage greater than his own;
Makes to the Duke, and threatens him from far,
To rail him to his Boards, like a Petar;
But in the vain attempt, took fire too soon,
And flies up in his ship to catch the Moon.
Mounseurs like Rockets mount aloft, and crack
In thousand sparks, then dancingly fall back.
Yet ere this happen'd, Destiny allow'd
Him his revenge, to make his death more proud;
A fatal Bullet from his side did range,
And batter'd *Lawson*: Oh too dear exchange!
He led our Fleet that day too short a space,
But lost his knee; since dy'd in Glory's Race:
Lawson! whose Valour beyond Fate did go,
And still fights *Opdam* in the Lake below.
The Duke himself, tho *Pe* did not forget,
Yet was not out of dangers random set.
Falmouth was there, I know not what to act;
Some say 'twas to grow Duke too, by contract:
An untaught Bullet in its wanton scope,
Dashes *Him*. all to pieces, and his *Hope*.
Such was his rise, such was his fall, unprais'd;
A chance-shot sooner took him than *Chance* rais'd:
His

Directions for a Painter

7

His Shatter'd Head the fearless Duke distains,
And gave the last first-proof that he had brains.
Barilet had heard it soon, and thought not good
To venture more of Royal *Harding's* Blood:
To be immortal he was not of age,
And did ev'n now the *Indian Prize* presage;
And judg'd it safe and decent, cost what cost,
To lose the day, since his dear Brother's lost:
With his whole Squadron straight away he bore,
And like good Boy, promis'd to fight no more.
The Dutch *Auranea* careless, at us saild,
And promised to do what *Opdam* saild;
Smith to the Duke doth intercept her way,
And cleaves there closer than a *Remora*:
The Captain wonder'd, and withal disdain'd,
So strongly by a thing so small, detain'd,
And in a raging brav'ry to him runs,
They stab their ships with one anothers Guns:
They fight so near, it seems to be on ground,
And ev'n the *Bullets* meeting, *Bullets* wound:
The noise, the smoak, the fire, the sweat, the blood,
Is not to be express'd, nor understood.
Each Capt'n from his quarter-deck commands,
They wave their bright Swords glittering in their
All Luxury of War, all man can do (hands.
In a *Sea-fight*, did pass between them two:
But one must conquer, whosoever fight,
Smith takes the Gyant, and is made a Knight.
Marlbrough that knew, and durst do more than all,
Falls undistinguish'd by an Iron-Ball:
Dear Lord! but born under a Star ingrate!
No Soul more clear, nor no more gloomy fate!
Who would set up Wars Trade that means to thrive?
Death picks the Valiant out, Cowards survive:

What

What the *Brave* merit, th' *Impudent* do vaunt;
 And none's rewarded but the *Sycophant* :
 Hence all his Life he againt *Fortune* fenc'd,
 Or not well known, or not well recompenc'd :
 But envy not this praise of his memory,
 None more prepar'd was, or less fit to die.
Robert did others and himself excell;
Holms, *Tydiman*, *Minns*; bravely *Sanfox* tell.
 What others did, let one omitted, blame,
 I shall record, whoe'er brings in his Name :
 But unless after stories disagree,
 Nine onely came to fight, the rest to see.
 Now all conspire unto the *Dutchmens* loss;
 The wind, the fire, we, they themselves do cross.
 When a false sleep began the Duke to drown,
 And with lost Diadems his Temple crown :
 And first He orders all the rest to watch,
 And They the *Foe*, whilst He a *Nap* doth catch :
Bucko, *Brunkar* by a secret instinct,
 Slept not, nor needed, he all day had wak't.
 The Duke in bed, he then first draws his steel,
 Whose vertice makes the misl'd *Compass* wheel.
 So ere He wak'd, both *Fleets* were innocent :
 And *Brunkar* Member is of Parliament.

And now, dear Painter, after pains, like those,
 'Twere time that I and thou too do repose.
 But all our Navy scap'd so sound of Limb,
 That a short space serv'd to refresh and trim;
 And a tame Fleet of theirs doth Convoy want,
 Laden with both the *Indies*, and *Levant* :
 Print but this one Scene more, the World's our own,
 And *Halcyon Sandwich* doth command alone :
 To *Bergen* we with confidence made haste,
 And th' secret spoils by hope already taste;

Though

Though *Clifford* in the Character appear
Of *Supra-Cargo* to our Fleet and their;
Wearing a Signet ready to clasp on,
And seiz all for his Master *Arlington*.

Ruyter whose little Squadron skim'd the Seas,
And wasted our remotest Colonies;
With Ships all foul, return'd upon our way;
Sandwich would not disperse, nor yet delay;
And therefore like Commander grave and wise,
To scape his sight and flight, shut both his Eyes;
And for more state and sureness, cutting true,
The left Eye closeth, the right *Monneague*;
And even *Clifford* profer'd in his zeal,
To make all safe, t^e apply to both his Seal.

Ulysses so, till *Syrens* he had past,

Would by his Mares be pinion'd to the Mast.

Now can our Navy view the wished Port,
But there (to see the fortune!) was a Fort:
Sandwich would not be beaten, nor yet beat;
Fools only fight, the Prudent use to treat.
His Cousin *Mountague* by Court-disaster,
Dwindled into the wooden Horse's Master,
To speak of peace seem'd amongst all most proper,
Had *Talbot* then treated of nought but Copper:
O what are Forts, when void of Ammunition?
With friends or foes what would we more condition?
Yet we three days, till the Dutch furnish'd all,
Men, Powder, Money, Cannon, — treat with Wall!
Then *Tydiman*, finding the *Danes* would not,
Sent in six Captains bravely to be shot.
And *Mountague*, though drest like any Bride,
And aboard him too, yet was reach'd and dy'd:
Sad was the chance, and yet a deeper care,
Wrinkled his Membrains under forehead fair.

The Dutch *Armado* yet had th' impudence
 To put to Sea, to waite their Merchants thence ;
 For as if all their ships of Walnut were,
 The more we beat them, still the more they bear.
 But a good Pilot, and a favouring Wind,
 Brings *Sandwich* back, and once again did blind.

Now gentle Painter, ere we leap on shore,
 With thy last strokes ruffle a tempest o'er ;
 As if in our reproach, the Wind and Seas
 Would undertake the *Dutch*, while we take ease :
 The Seas the spoils within our Hatches throw,
 The Winds both Fleets into our Mouths do blow :
 Strew all their Ships along the shore by ours,
 As eas'ly to be gather'd up as Flow'rs :
 But *Sandwich* fears for Merchants to mistake
 A Man of War, and among Flow'rs a Snake.
 Two Indian ships pregnant with Eastern Pearl,
 And Diamonds, face th' Officers and Earl :
 Then warning of our Fleet, he it divides
 Into the Ports, and so to *Oxford* rides.
 Meanwhile the *Dutch* uniting, to our shames,
 Ride all insulting o'er the *Downs* and *Thames* !

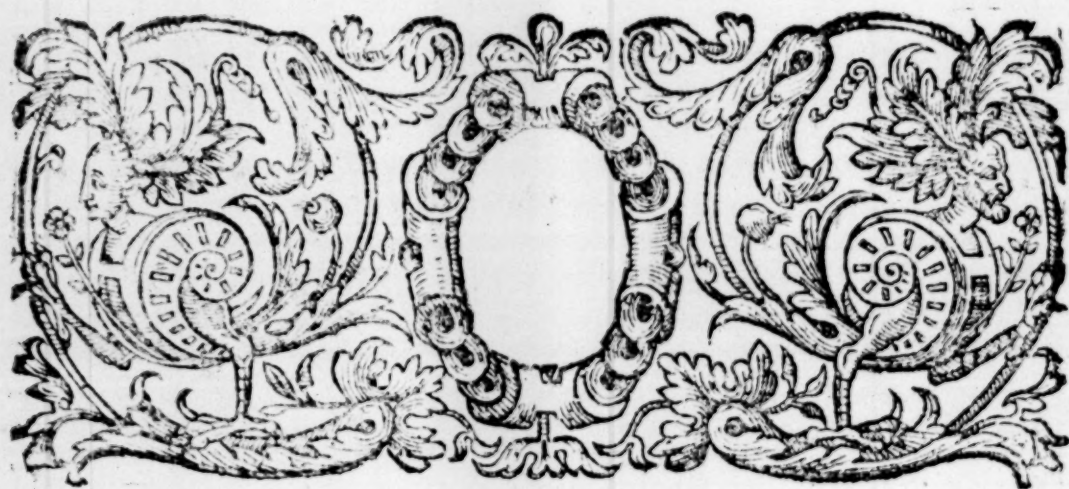
Now treating *Sandwich* seems the fittest choice
 For *Spain*, there to condole, and to rejoyce :
 He meets the *French* ; but to avoid all harms
 Ships to the *Grays* : *Embassies* bear no Arms :
 There let him languish a long Quarantain,
 And ne'er to *England* come, till he be clean.

Thus having thought, we know not why as yet,
 We've done we know not what, nor what we get :
 If to espouse the Ocean all this pains ;
 Princes unite, and do forbid the Bains :
 If to discharge Phanaticks, this makes more ;
 For all Phanaticks are, when they are poor :

Or if the House of Commons to repay,
Their Prize-Commissions are transferr'd away:
But for triumphant Check-stones if, and shell
For Dutchess Closet, 't hath succeeded well.
If to make Parliaments as odious pass,
Or to reserve a standing force, alas!
Or if, as just, *ORANGE* to re-instate,
Instead of that, he is regenerate:
And with four Millions vainly giv'n as spent;
And with five Millions more of detriment,
Our sum amounts yet onely to have won
A bastard *Orange* for Pimp *Arlington*.

Now may Historians argue *con* and *pro*;
Denham says thus; though always *Waller* so:
And he good Man, in his long sheet and staff,
This penance did for *Cromwells* Epitaph:
And his next Theam must be o'th' Dukes Mistress,
Advice to draw Madam *l' Edificatress*.

Henceforth, O *Gemini*! two Dukes Command,
Castor and *Pollux*, *Aumarle* and *Cumberland*.
Since in one ship, it had been fit they'd went
In *Petty's* Double-Keel'd *Experiment*.



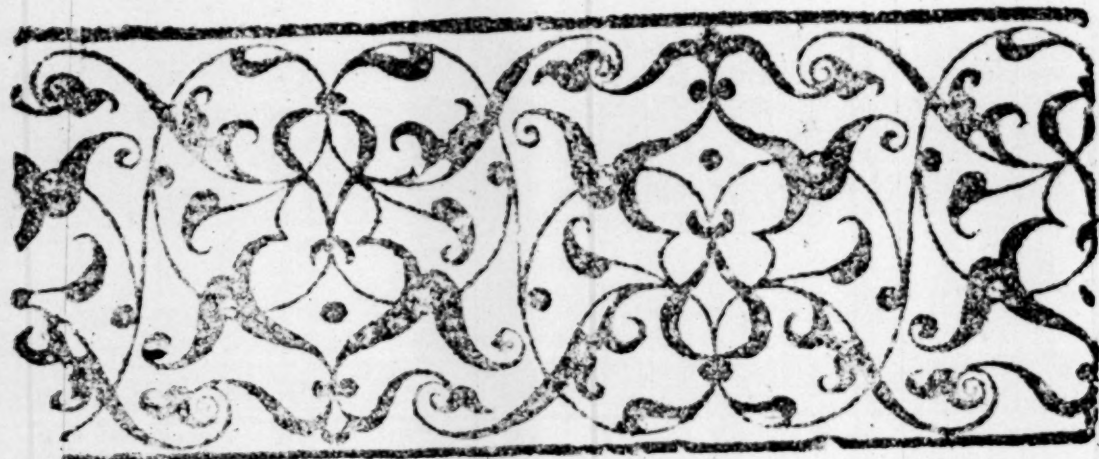
T O T H E
K I N G.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

I Mperial Prince ! King of the Seas and Isles !
 Dear Object of our Joy, and Heavens smiles !
 What boots it that thy Light doth gild our days ;
 And we lie basking in thy milder Rays ;
 While swarms of Insects, from thy warmth begun,
 Our Land devour, and intercept our Sun ?
 Thou, like Joves Minos, rul'st a greater Creet ;
 And for its hundred Cities, count'st thy Fleet.
 Why wilt thou that state-Dædalus allow,
 Who builds the Bull, a Labrinth and a Cow ?
 If thou art Minos, be a Judge severe,
 And in's own Maze confine the Engineer.

O may our Sun, since he too high presumes,
 Melt the soft Wax wherewith he imps his plumes!
 And may he falling leave his hated Name
 Unto those Seas his War hath set on flame!
 From that Inchanter having clear'd thine Eyes,
 Thy native sight will peirce within the Skies,
 And view those Kingdoms calm with Joy and Light,
 Where's Universal Triumph, but no Fight.
 Since both from Heav'n thy Race and Pow'r descend,
 Rule by its pattern there to reascend.
 Let Justice onely awe, and Battel cease:
 Kings are but Cards in War, they're Gods in Peace.

DIRE



DIRECTIONS
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By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

S *Andwich* in Spain now, and the Duke in love,
Let's with new Gen'ls a new Painter prove:
Lilly's a Dutchman, danger's in his Art,
His Pencils may Intelligence impart.
Thou *Gibson*, that amongst the Navy small
Of Muscle-shells, commandest Admiral,
Thy self so slender, that thou shew'st no more
Than Barnacle new hatch'd of them before:
Come mix thy Water-colours, and express,
Drawing in little, what we yet do less.
First paint me *George* and *Rupert* ratling far
Both in one Box, like the two Dice of VVar;

And let the terror of their linked Name,
Fly through the Air like Chain-shot, tearing Fame:
Jove in one Cloud did scarcely ever wrap
Lightning so fierce, but never such a clap.
United Gen'als sure are th' onely spell
V Vherewith United Provinces to quell:
Alas, even they, though shell'd in treble Oak,
V Will prove an Addle Egge, with double Yolk.
And therefore next uncouple either Hound,
And loo them at two Hares ere one be found:
Rupert to *Beaufort*; halloo! ah there *Rupert*:
Like the phantastick hunting of *St. Hubert*,
V When he with airy Hounds, and Horn of Air,
Pursues by *Fountain-bleau* the witchy Hare.
Deep providence of State! that could so soon
Fight *Beaufort* here, ere he had quit *Taloon*.

So have I seen, ere Humane Quarrels rise,
Fore-boding Meteors combate in the Skies.

But let the Prince to fight with Rumour go,
The Gen'ral meets a more substantial Foe:
Ruyter he spies, and full of youthful heat,
Though half their number, thinks the odds too great.

The Fowler watching so his watry spot,

And more the Fowl, hopes for the better shot.
Though such a Limb was from his Navy torn,
He found no weakness yet, like *Sampson* shorn;
But swoln with sense of former Glory won,
Thought *Monk* must be by *Albemarle* out-done:
Little he knew with the same Arm and Sword,
How far the Gentleman out-cuts the Lord.
Ruyter, interior unto none for Heart,
Superiour now in Number and in Art,
Ask'd if He thought, as once our Rebel-Nation,
To conquer *Th'irs* too, with a Declaration?

And threatens, though he now so proudly sail,
 He shall tread back his *Iter Boreale* :
 This said, he the short period, ere it ends,
 With Iron-Words from Brazen-Mouths extends :
Monk yet prevents him, ere the Navies meet,
 And charges in himself alone a Fleet ;
 And with so quick and frequent motion wound
 His murdering sides about, the Ship seem'd round ;
 And the Exchanges of his Circling Tire,
 Like whirling Hoops, shew'd of triumphant Fire.
 Single He doth at their whole Navy aim,
 And shoots them through a Porcupine of Flame.
 In noise so regular his Cannons met,
 You'd think that Thunder was to Musick set :
 Ah had the rest but kept a time as true,
 What Age could such a Martial Consort shew !
 The listening Air unto the distant shore,
 Through secret Pipes conveys the tuned rore ;
 Till as the Eccho's, vanishing, abate,
 Men feel a dead sound like the pulse of State.
 If Fate expire, let *Monk* her place supply,
 His Guns determine who shall live or dye.
 But *Victory* doth always hate a Rant ;
Valour's her *Brave*, but *Skill* is her *Gallant* :
Ruyter no less with vertuous Envy burns,
 And Prodigies for Miracles returns :
 Yet he observ'd how still his Iron-Balls
 Recoyl'd in vain against our Oaken-Walls ;
 How the hard Pellers fell away as dead,
 By our enchanted Timber fillipped.
 Leave then, said he, th' invulnerable Keel,
 We'll find they're feeble, like *Achilles* Heel :
 He quickly taught, pours in continual Clouds
 Of chain'd Dilemma's through our sinew'd Shrouds.
Foriers

Forrests of Masts fall with their rude embrace,
Our stiff Sails mash'd, and netted into Lace;
Till our whole Navy lay their wanton mark,
Nor any ship could sail but as the Ark.

Shot in the wing, so at the Powder's call,
The disappointed Bird doth fluttering fall.
Yet *Monk* disabled, still such courage shows,
That none into his mortal gripe dare close:

So an old Bustard, maim'd yet loth to yeild,
Duels the Fowler in *New-Market* field.

But since he found it was in vain to fight,
Heimps his plumes the best he can for flight.
This, Painter, were a Noble Task to tell,
What indignation his Great Brest did swell!

*Not Vertuous Men unworthily abus'd,
Not Constant Lover without cause refus'd,
Not honest Merchant broke, nor skilful Player
Hst off the Stage, nor Sinners in despair;
Not Parents mockt, not Favorites disgrac'd,
Not Rump by Monk or Oliver dispos'd,
Not Kings depos'd, nor Prelates ere they die,
Feel half the Rage of Generals when they Fly.*

Ah rather than transmit th' story to Fame,
Draw Curtains, Gentle Artist, o'er the shame:
Cashier the mem'ry of *Dutell*, rais'd up
To taste, instead of Death, his Highness's Cup:
And if the thing were true, yet paint it not,
How *Bartlet*, as he long deserv'd, was shot;
Though others, that survey'd the Corps so clear,
Said he was onely petrifi'd for fear:
If so, th' hard Statue Mummifi'd without Gum,
Might the Dutch Balm have spar'd, & English Tomb;
Yet if thou wilt, paint *MINNS* turn'd all to Soul,
And the Great *HARMAN* charkt almost to Coal;

D.

And

And *JORDAIN* old, worthy thy Pencils pain,
 Who all the while held up the Ducal Train :
 But in a dark Cloud cover *Askew*, when
 He quit the *Prince* to embarque in *Loockstein* ;
 And wounded Ships, which we immortal boast,
 Now first led captive to an Hostile Coast.
 But most with story of his Hand and Thumb,
 Conceal (as Honour would) his Grace's Bum,
 When the rude Bullet a large Collop tore
 Out of that Buttock never turn'd before :
 Fortune (it seems) would give him by that Lash,
 Gentle correction for his fight so rash.
 But should the Ramp perceive't, they'd say that *Mars*
 Had now reveng'd them upon *Aumars*'s Arse.
 The long disaster better o'er to veil,
 Paint onely *Jonas* three days in the Whale ;
 For no less time did conqu'ring *Ruyter* chaw
 Our flying Gen'ral in his spongy Jaw.
 Then draw the youthful *Perseus* all in haste,
 From a Sea-Beast to free the Virgin chaste ;
 But neither riding *Pegasus* for speed,
 Nor with the *Gorgon* shielded at his need :
 So *Rapert* the Sea-Dragon did invade,
 But to save *George* himself, and not the Maid ;
 And though arriving late, he quickly mist
 Ev'n Sails to fly, unable to resist.
 Not *Greenland* Seamen that survive the fright
 Of the cold Chaos, and half eternal Night,
 So gladly the returning Sun adore,
 Or run to spy the next years Fleet from shore,
 Hoping yet once within the Oyly side
 Of the fat Whale, again their Spears to hide :
 As our glad Fleet, with universal shout,
 Salute the Prince, and wish the second bout.

Nor Winds, long pris'ners in Earth's hollow vault,
The fallow Seas so eagerly assault;
As fiery *RUPERT*, with revengeful Joy,
Doth on the *Dutch* his hungry Courage cloy;
But soon Unrigg'd, lay like an useless Board;
(As wounded in the Wrist, Men drop their Sword.)
VVhen a propitious Cloud between us slept,
And in our aid did *RUYTER* intercept.
Old *Homer* yet did never introduce,
To save his *Heroes*, Mists of better use.
VVorship the Sun, who dwell where he doth rise;
This Mist doth more deserve our Sacrifice.

Now joyful Fires, and the exalted Bell,
And Court-Gazets, our empty Triumphs tell!
Alas! the time draws near, when overturn'd,
The lying Bells shall through the Tongues be burn'd;
Paper shall want to print that Lie of State,
And our false Fires, true Fires shall expiate.

Stay Painter, here a while, and I will stay;
Nor vex the future Times with my survey:
Seest not the *Monky Dutchess* ail undrest?
Paint thou but her, and she will paint the rest.
This sad Tale found her in her outward Room,
Nailing up Hangings not of Persian Loom:
Like chaste *Penelope* that ne'er did come,
But made all fine against her *GEORGE* came home,
Upon a Ladder, in her Coats much shorter,
She stood, with Groom & Coachman for Supporter;
And careless what they saw, or what they thought,
With *Honi Pense* full honestly she wrought:
One Tenter drove, to lose no time nor place,
Once the Ladder they remove, and Grace.
VVhilst thus they her translate from North to East,
In posture just of a four-footed Beast;

She heard the News: but alter'd yet no more,
 Than that which was behind, she turn'd before,
 Nor would come down, but with an Handkercher,
 Which pocket soul did to her Neck prefer,
 She shed no tears, for she was too viraginous,
 But only snuffling her Trunk Cartilaginous,
 From scaling Ladder she began a story,
 Worthy to be had in *Memento Mori*;
 Accraigning past, and present, and *futuri*,
 With a Prophetick, if not Fiendly *Fury*:
 Her Hair began to creep, her Belly found,
 Her Eyes to sparkle, and her Udder bound;
 Half *Witch*, half *Prophet*; thus the *Albemarles*,
 Like *Presbyterian Sybil*, 'gan to snail:

Traitors both to my Lord, and to the King!
 Nay now it is beyond all suffering!
 One valiant Man by Land, and he must be
 Commanded out to stop their leaks at Sea:
 Yet send him *Rupert*, as an *Helper* meet;
 First the Command dividing, then the *Fleet*:
 One may if they be beat, or both be hit,
 Or if they over-come, yet *Honours* split:
 But reck'ning *GEORGE* already knock'd i' th' head,
 They cut him out like *Bies*, ere he be dead:
 Each for a *Quarter* hopes; the first doth skip,
 But shall fall short though, at the *Gen'ral's* hip:
 Next they for *Master of the Horse* agree;
 A third the *Cock-pit* begs; not any *Me*:
 But they shall know, ay marry shall they do,
 That who the *Cock-pit* hath, shall have *Me* too.
 I told *George* first, as *Calamy* told me,
 If the King brought these *Gen'ls*, how it would be:
 Men that there pick his pocket to his face,
 And sell *Intelligence* to buy a place.

That

T at their Relig^{on}'s pawn'd for Cloathes; nor care,
 'Tis run so long now, to redeem't, nor dare,
 O what egreg^{ous} Loyalty to cheat!
 O what Fidelity it was to eat!
 Whilst *Langdales*, *Hoptons*, *Glenhams* flay'd abroad
 And here true Roy^{al}ists sink beneath their load.
 Men that did there affront, defame, betray
 The King, and so do here; now who but they!
 What! say I Men! nay rather Monsters; Men
 Onely in Bed, nor to my knowledge then.
 See how they home return'd in Revel Rout,
 With the small manners that they first went out:
 Not better grown, nor wiser all the while,
 Renew the causes of their first Exile:
 As if, to shew the Fool what 'tis I mean,
 I chose a foul Smock, when I might have clean.
 First they for fear disband the Army tame,
 And leave Good *George* a Gen^{er}als empty Name:
 Then Bishops must revive, and all unfix
 With Discontents, to content Twenty Six:
 The Lords House drains the Houses of the Lord,
 For Bishops Voices silencing the Word:
 O *Bartol'mew*! Saint of their Kalendar!
 What's worle, th^e *Ejection*, or the *Massacre*?
 Then *Culpepper*, *Gloster*, and th^e *Princess* dy'd;
 Nothing can live that interrupts an *Hide*.
 O more than humane *GLOSTER*! Fate did shew
 Thee but to Earth, and back again withdrew.
 Then the fat Scrivener doth begin to think
 'Twas time to mix the Royal Blood with Ink.
Barkley that swore as oft as he had Toes,
 Doth kneeling now her Chastity depose,
 Just as the first *French Cardinal* could restore
 Maidenhead to his Widdow, Niece, and Whore.

For Portion, if she should prove light, when weigh'd,
 Four Millions shall within three years be paid,
 To raise it, we must have a *Naval War*.
 As if 'twere nothing but *Tara--Tan--Tar*:
 Abroad all Princes disobliging first,
 At home all Parties but the very worst.
 To tell of *Ireland, Scotland, Dankirk's* sad;
 Or the Kings marriage: but he thinks I'm mad:
 And sweeter Creature never saw the Sun,
 If we the King with *Monk*, or *Queen a Nun*.
 But a *Dutch War* shall all these Rumours still,
 Bleed out these Humours, and our Purses fill;
 Yet after four days Fight, they clearly saw
 'T was too much danger for a Son-in-Law:
 Hire him to leave, for six score thousand pound:
 So with the Kings Drums Men for sleep compound.
 But modest *Sandwich* thought it might agree
 With the State-Prudence, to do less than He:
 And to excuse their timorousness and sloth,
 They found how *George* might now be less than both
 First *Smith* must for *Legorn*, with force enough
 To venture back again, but not go through:
Beaufort is there, and to their dazzling Eyes
 The distance more the Object magnifies;
 Yet this they gain, that *Smith* his time should lose,
 And for my Duke too, cannot interpose.
 But fearing that our Navy, *George* to break,
 Might yet not be sufficiently weak;
 The Secretary, that had never yet
 Intelligence, but from his own Gazette,
 Discovers a great secret, fit to sell,
 And pays himself for't, ere he would it tell;
Beaufort is in the Channel; Hixy here!
Boxy Thorsen: *Beaufort* is ev'ry where.

Herewith assembling the Supreme Divan,
 Where enters none but Devil, NED, and NAN;
 And upon his pretence they straight design'd
 The Fleet to sep'rate, and the *VVorla* to blind:
Monk to the Dutch, and *Rupert* (here the *VVench*
 Could not but smile) is destin'd to the French.
 To write the Order, *Bristol's* Clerk is choic,
 One slit in's Pen, the other in his Nose;
 For he first brought the News, it is his place;
 He'll see the Fleet divided like his Face,
 And through the cranny in his grizzly part,
 To the Dutch *Chink* Intelligence impart.
 The Plot succeeds: the Dutch in haste prepar'd,
 And poor Peel-Garlick George's Arse they shar'd;
 And then presuming of his certain wrack,
 To help him late, they send for *Rupert* back,
Officious Will seem'd fittest, as afraid
 Left *George* should look too far into his trade.
 At the first draught they pause with Statesmens care,
 They write it sou', then copy it as fair;
 And then compare them, when at last its sign'd,
Will soon his Purse-strings, but no Seal could find.
 At night he sends it by the common Post,
 To save the King of an Express the cost.
 Lord, what adoe to pack one Letter hence!
 Some Patents pass with less circumference.

Well George, in spite of them thou safe dost ride,
 Lessen'd I hope in nought but thy backside;
 For as to Reputation, this Retreat
 Of thine exceeds their Victories so great:
 Nor shalt thou stir from thence, by my consent,
 Till thou hast made the Dutch and *Them* repent.
 'Tis true, I want so long the Nuptial Gut,
 But as I oft have done, I'll make a Shift;

Not

Nor will I with vain pomp accost the shore,
 To try thy valour at the *Bray* i'th' *Nore*.
 Fall to thy work there, *George*, as I do here;
 Cherish the *Valiant* up, *Cowards* cashier:
 See that the Men have *Pay*, and *Bief*, and *Beer*,
 Find out the *Cheats* of the four *Millioner*.
 Out of the very *Beer*, they sell the *Malt*;
 Powder of Powder, from powder'd *Bief* the *Salt*.
 Put thy hand to the *Tub*; instead of *Oxe*,
 They victual with *French Pork* that hath the *Pox*.
 Never such *Cotqueans* by small *Arts* to wring,
 Ne'er such ill *Huswives* in the managing!
 Dursers at *Sea* know fewer *Cheats* than they,
Marr'ners on shore less sadly spend their pay.
 See that thou hast new *Sails* thy self, and spoil
 All their *Sea-market*, and their *Cable-coyl*.
 Look that *Good Chaplains* on each ship do wait,
 Nor the *Sea-Diocese* be inappropriate:
 Look to the sick and wounded *Pris'ners*; all
 Is prize; they rob even the *Hospital*.
 Recover back the *Prizes* too; in vain
 We fight, it all be taken that is ta'en.
 Now by our Coast the *Dutchmen*, like a *Flight*
 Of feeding *Ducks*, ev'ning and morning light;
 How our *Land-Hectors* tremble, void of sense,
 As if they came straight to transport them hence:
 Some *Sheep* are stoln; the *Kingdom's* all arraid,
 And e'en *Presbyters* now call'd out for aid.
 They with e'en *George* divided to command,
 One half of Him at *Sea*, th' other on *Land*.
 What's that I see! Ah 'tis my *George* agen!
 How they in sev'n weeks have Rigg'd him then.
 Magnificent *Heav'ns* with *Lightning* him surrounds,
 Behold him, and his Name in *Thunder* sounds.

But with the same swift goes, Their Navy's near :
 So ere we hunt, the Keeper shoots the Deer,
 Stay Heav'n a while, and thou shalt see him sail,
 And George too, he can thunder, lighten, hail.
 Happy the time that I e'er wedded George,
 The sword of *England*, and the *Holland* Scourge.
 Avaunt *Rotterdam*-Dog, *Ruyter* avaunt,
 Thou Water-Rat, thou Shark, thou Cormorant.
 I'll teach thee to shoot Scissers: I'll repair
 Each Rope thou lovest, *George*, out of this Hair.
 'Tis strong and course enough; I'll hem this shift,
 Ere thou shalt lack a Sail, and lie adrift:
 Bring home the old ones; *I* again will sew,
 And darn them up, to be as good as new.

What twice disabled! Never such a thing!
 Now *Sovereign* help him that brought in the King.
 Guard thy Posteriors, *George*, ere all be gone;
 Though Jury-Masts, thou'lt Jury-Buttocks none.
 Courage! How bravely (whet with this disgrace)
 He turns, and Bullets spits in *Ruyter's* face!
 They fly, they fly, their Fleet doth now divide,
 But they discard their *Trump*: our *Tramp* is *Hide*.
 Where are you now, *De Ruyter*, with your Bears?
 See where your Merchants burn about your Ears.
 Fire out the Wasps, *George*, from the hollow Trees,
 Cramm'd with the Honey of our English Bees.
 Ah now they're paid for *Guinney*: ere they flee
 To the Gold Coast, they find it hotter here.
 Turn all your ships to stoves ere you set forth,
 To warm your Traffique in the frozen North.
 Ah *Sandwich*! had thy Conduct been the same,
Bergen had seen a less but richer Flame;
 Not *Ruyter* liv'd a new Battel to repeat,
 An' oftner beaten be, than we can beat.

Scarce had *George* leisure, after all his pain,
To tie his Breeches; *Rogier's* out again:
Thrice in one year! Why sure this *Mar* is wood;
Beat him like flock-sheep, or he'll ne'er be good.
I see them both again prepare to try;
They first shoot through each other with the Eye.
Then — But the Ruling Providence that nift
With humane projects play, as wind with dust,
Raises a storm. So Constables a fray
Knock down; and send them both well cuff'd away.
Plant now *New England* Fire in English Oak,
Build your Ships Ribs proof to the Cannon-stroke:
To get a Fleet to Sea, exhaust the Land;
Let longing Princes pine for the Command:
Strong March-panes! Wafers light! to thin a puff
Of angry air can ruine all that Huff:

So Champions having shar'd the Liss and Sun,
The Judge throws down's Award, and they have
(dore.

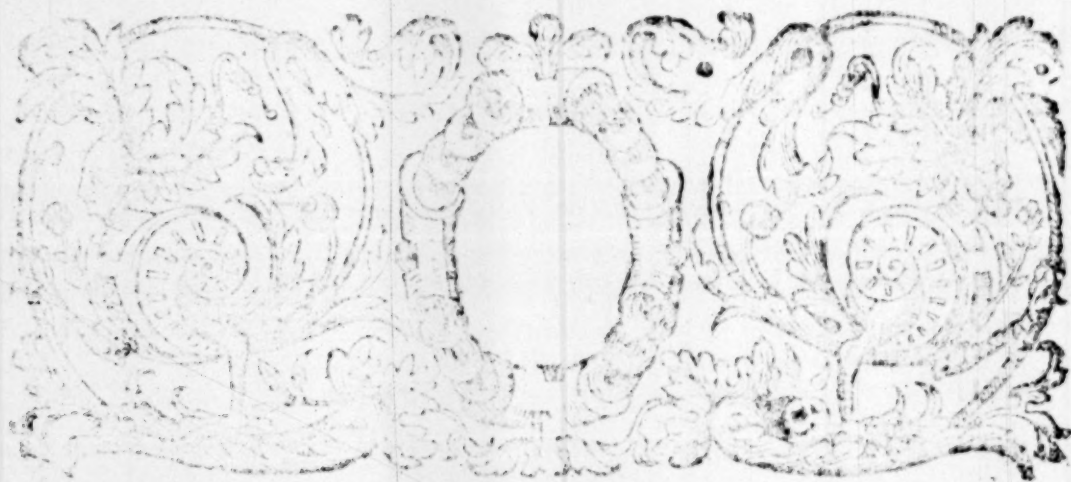
For shame come home, *George*; 'tis for thee too much
To fight at once with Heaven and the Dutch.

Woes me! what see I next! alas, the fate
I see of *England*, and its utmost date.
Those Flames of theirs at which we fondly smile,
Kindle like Torches our Sepulchral Pile.
War, Fire, and Plague against us all conspire;
Was the War, God the Plague, who rais'd the Fire?
See how Men all like Ghosts, while *London* burns,
Wander, and each over his Ashes mourns!
Curs'd be the Man that first began this War,
That will burn, under a Blazing Star.
For Others sport two Nations fight a Prize;
Between them both, Religion wounded dies.

So of first Troy, the angry Gods unpaid,
Raz'd the Foundations which themselves had
(laid.

Welcome, though late, dear George: here hadst thou
We'd scap'd: (let Rupert bring the Navy in.) (bin,
Thou still must help them out, when in the mire;
Gen'ral at Land, at Plague, at Sea, at Fire.
Now thou art gone, see Beaufort dares approach,
And our Fleets angling, as to catch a Roach.

Gibson farewell, till next we put to Sea:
Truth is, thou'st drawn her in Effigie.



TO THE
K I N G.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

Great Prince! and so much Greater as more
Wise;
Sweet as our Life, and dearer than our
Eyes;

What Servants will conceal, and Councils spare
To tell, the Painter and the Poet dare.

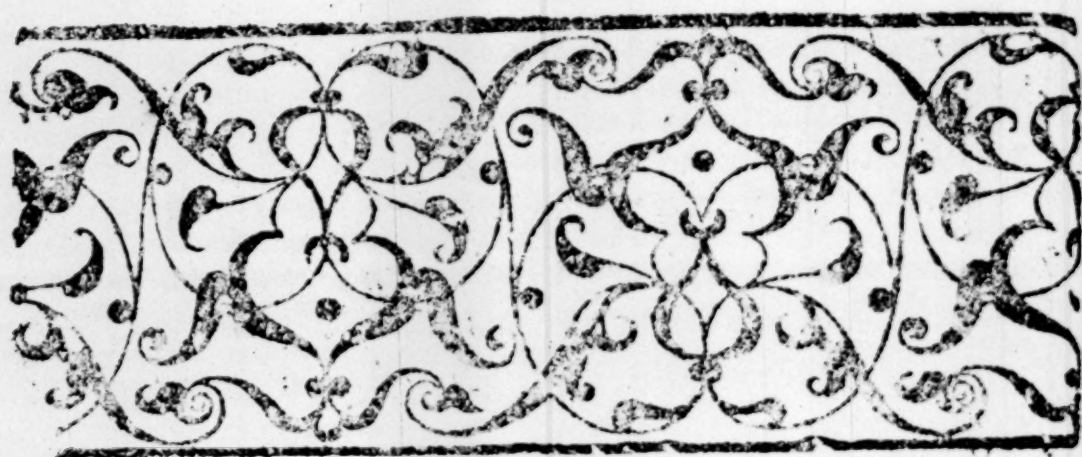
And the assistance of an heavenly Muse
And Pencil, represent the Crimes obscure.
Here needs no Fleet, no Sword, no foreign Fee;
Only, for Vice condemn'd, and Justice flow.

Shake but, like Jove, thy Lightning, and frown,
Thy Scepter will suffice to guard thy Crown.

Hark,

Hark to Cassandra's Song, ere Fate destroy
By thine own Navy's wooden Horse, thy Troy.
As our Apollo, from the Tumults wave,
And gentle Calms, though but in Oars, will save.
So Philomel her sad Embroidery strung,
And vocal Silks tun'd with her Needles Tongue.
The Pictures dumb in Colours loud reveal'd
The Tragedies of Courts so long conceal'd;
But when restor'd to voice inclin'd with wings
To Woods and Groves what once the Painter sings.

DIRE



DIRECTIONS
TO A
PAINTER.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

Draw *England* ruin'd by what was giv'n be-
fore,
Then draw the Commons flow in giving
more :

Too late grown wiser, they their treasure see
Consum'd by fraud, or lost by treachery ;
And vainly now would some account receive
Of those vast sums which they so idly gave,
And trusted to the management of such
As *Dunkirk* sold, to make War with the Dutch ;
Dunkirk, design'd once to a Nobler Use,
Than to erect a petty Lawyers House.

But what account could they from thence expect,
 Who so grow rich themselves, the State neglect;
 Men who in *England* have no other Lot,
 Than what they by betraying it have got;
 Who can pretend to nothing but Disgrace,
 Where either Birth or Merit find a place.
 Plague, Fire and War, have been the Nations curse,
 But to have these our Rulers, is a worse:
 Yet draw these Cankers of the Kingdoms we,
 Still urging dangers from our growing Foe,
 Asking new Aid for War with the same face,
 As it, when givⁿ, they meant not to make Peace.
 Mean while they cheat the Publick with such haile,
 They will have nothing that may ease it, past.
 The Law 'gainst Irish Cattel they condemn,
 As shewing distrust of th^e King, that is, of them.
 Yet they must now swallow this bitter Pill,
 Or Money want, which were the greater ill.
 And then the King to *Westminster* is brought,
 Imperfectly to speak the Chancellors thought,
 In which, as if no Age could parallel
 A Prince and Council that had rul'd so well,
 He tells the Parliament he cannot brook
 What ere in them like Jealousie doth look:
 Adds, That no Grievances the Nation load,
 While we're undone at home, despis'd abroad.
 Thus past the Irish, with the Money-Bill,
 The first not half so good, as th^e other ill.
 With these new Millions might we not expect
 Our Foes to vanquish, or our selves protect;
 If not to keep them off unimped Seas,
 At least to force an honorable Peace?
 But though the angry face, or folly rather,
 Of our perverted State, allow us rather;

Could

Could we hope less than to defend our Shores,
 Than guard our Harbours, Ports, our Ships & Stores?
 We hop'd in vain : Of these, remaining are,
 Not what we sav'd, but what the Dutch did spare.
 Such was our Rulers generous stratagem ;
 A Policy worthy of none but them.

After two Millions more laid on the Nation,
 The Parliament grows ripe for Prorogation :
 They rise, and now a Treaty is confest,
 Gain'd which before these State-Cheats did protest :
 A Treaty which too well makes it appear,
 Thems, not the Kingdom's Intrest, is their care.
 Our Cruelty of old, I thought Arms the way to Peace ;
 But more such thread-bare Policies as these :
 All stretch'd out for the State's defence,
 They sell to trade for their own expence :
 Or if from that they any thing can spare,
 Is to buy Peace, nor maintain a War :
 For which they work Embassadors must go
 With bare submissions to our arming foe :
 Thus leaving a defenceless State behind,
 Vast Fleets, preparing by the Belgians find ;
 Against a hole or what can be defend,
 Whilst our great Policy here depend
 Upon the Dutch good Nature : For when Peace
 (Say they) is making, *Alas of War must cease.*
 Thus were we by the name of *Truce* betray'd,
 Though by the Dutch nothing like it was made.

Here, Painter, let thine Art describe a story
 Shaming our warlike Manners ancient Glory :
 A scene which never on our Seas appear'd,
 Since our first Ships were on the Ocean steer'd ;
 Make the Dutch Fleet, while we supinely sleep,
 Without Opposers, Masters of the Deep :

Make

Make them securely the *Thames* mouth invade,
 At once depriving us of that and Trade :
 Draw Thunder from their floating Castles, sent
 Against our Ports, weak as our Government :
 Draw *Wollage*, *Deptford*, *London*, and the *Tower*,
 Meanly abandon'd to a forreign Power.
 Yet turn their first attempt another way,
 And let their Cannons upon *Sheerness* play ;
 Which soon destroy'd, their lofty Vessels ride
 Big with the hope of the approaching Tide :
 Make them more help from our Remisness find,
 Than from the Tide, or from the Eastern wind.
 Their Canvas swelling with a prosp'rous gale,
 Swift as our fears make them to *Chattam* sail : (way,
 Through our weak Chain their Fireships break their
 And our Great Ships (unman'd) become their prey ;
 Then draw the fruit of our ill-manag'd cost,
 At once our Honour and our Safety lost :
 Bury those Bulwarks of our Isle in smoak,
 While their thick flames the neighb'ring Country
 The *Charles* escapes the raging Element, (choak.
 To be with triumph into *Holland* sent ;
 Where the glad People to the shore resort,
 To see their Terror now become their Sport,
 But Painter, fill not up thy Piece before
 Thou paint'st Confusion on our troubled shore :
 Instruct then thy bold Pencil to relate
 The saddest Marks of an ill-govern'd State.
 Draw th' injur'd Seamen deaf to all command,
 While some with horror and amazement stand :
 Others will know no Enemy but they
 Who have unjustly robb'd them of their pay :
 Boldly refusing to oppose a fire,
 To kindle which our Errors did conspire :

Some (though but few) perswaded to obey,
 Useless for want of ammunition stay :
 The Ports design'd to guard our ships of War,
 Void both of Powder and of Bullets are :
 And what past Reigns in peace did ne'er omit,
 The present (whilst invaded) doth forget.

Surpassing *Chastam*, make *Whitehall* appear,
 If not in danger, yet at least in fear.

Make our dejection (if thou canst) seem more
 Than our pride, sloth, and ign'rance did before :
 The King, of danger now shews far more fear,
 Than he did ever to prevent it, care :

Yet to the City doth himself convey,
 Bravely to shew he was not Run away :

Whilst the *Black Prince*, and our *Fifth Harry's*
 Are onely acted on our Theatres: (Wars,

Our States-Men finding no expedient,
 (If fear of danger) but a Parliament,
 Twice would avoid, by clapping up a Peace ;
 The Cure's to them as bad as the Disease :

But Painter, end not, till it does appear
 Which most, the Dutch or Parliament they fear.

As *Nero* once, with Harp in Hand, survey'd
 His flaming *Rome*; and as that burnt, he plaid :
 So our Great Prince, when the Dutch *Fleet* arriv'd,
 Saw his ships burnt; and as they burnt, he — —



DIRECTIONS
TO A

PAINTER.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

Painter, VVhere wast thy former Work
did cease?

Oh 'twas at *Parliament*, and the brave
Peace!

Now for a *Cornucopia*: Peace all know
brings *Plenty* with it: wish it be not *Woe*.

Draw Coats of *Pageantry*, and Proclamations

Of *Peace*, concluded with one, two, three Nations.

Canst thou not on the Change make Merchants grin
like outward smiles, whiles vexing thoughts within?

F 2

Thou

Thou art no Artist, if thou canst not saign,
And counterfeit the counterfeit disdain.

Draw a brave Standard, rustling at a rate
Much other than it did for *Chatbams* fate.

The *Tow'r-Guns* too, thundring their Joys, that they
Have scap'd the danger of b'ing ta'en away :

These, as now mann'd, for triumph are, not fight :
As painted fire for show, not heat or light.

Amongst the Roar of these, and the mad shout
Of a poor nothing-understanding Rout,

That think the *On-and-Off-Peace* now is true,

Thou might'st draw Mourners for *Black Barthol.*
Mourners in *Sion* ! Oh 'tis not to be (new :

Discover'd, draw a Curtain curteously

To hide them. Now proceed to draw at night

A Bonfire here and there ; but none too bright,

Nor lasting : for 'twas *Brushwood*, as they say,

Which they that hop'd for Coals now hung away.

But stay, I had forgot my Mother : Draw

The Church of *England* 'mongst thy *Operas*,

To play their part too ; or the Dutch will say

In *War and Peace* they've born the Bells away.

At this end then, two or three Steeples ringing,

At the other end draw *Quires*, *Te Deum* singing ;

Between them leave a space for Tears : Remember

That 'tis not long to th' Second of *September*.

Now if thou skill'st prospective Landskip, draw

At distance what perhaps thine Eyes ne'er saw :

Polycon, *Spicy Islands*, *Rins*, or *Gainney* ;

Syracusa, *Nova Scotia*, or *Virginia* ?

No, no, I mean not these ; pray hold your laughter

These things are far off, not worth looking after :

Give not a hint of these : Draw Highland, Lowland

Mountains and Flats : Draw *Scotland* first, the

Holland.

Se

See, canst thou ken the Scots frowns? Then draw
That something had to get, but nought to lose. (those
Canst thou through fogs discern the *Dutchmen* drink
Bus-Skippers, lately Capers, stamp to think
Their Catching-craft is over: some have ta'en,
To eke their *WVar*, a *Warrant* from the *Dane*.
But passing these, their Statesmen view a while,
In ev'ry graver countenance a smile:
Copy the piece there done, wherein you'll see
One laughing out, *I told you how 't would be!*

Draw next a pompous Interchange of Seals
But curs'd be he that Articles reveals
Before he knows them: Now for this take light
From him that did describe Sir *Edward's* fight:
You may perhaps the truth on't doubt; what tho?
You'll have it then *Cum Privilegio*.

Then draw our Lords Commissioners advance,
Not homewards, but for *Flanders*, or for *France*;
There to parlier awhile, until they see
How things in Parliament resented be.

So much for Peace. Now for a Parliament:
A petty Session draw: With what content,
Guess by their countenance who came up post,
And quickly saw they had their labour lost:
Like the small Merchants, when they Bargains sell;
Come hither *Jack*: What say? Come kiss: farewell.
But 'twas abortive, born before its day;
No wonder then it dy'd so soon away.
Yet breath'd it once, and that with such a force,
It blasted Thirty Thousand Foot and Horse.
As once *Prometheus* man did sneez so hard,
As routed all that new-rai'd standing Guard
Of Teeth, to keep the Tongue in order: So
Down fall our New Gallants without a For.

But

But if this little one could do so much,
 What will the next? Give a Prophetick touch,
 If thou know how; if not, leave a great space,
 For great things to be pourtray'd in their place.
 Now draw the shadow of a Parliament,
 As if to scare the upper World 'twere sent:
 Cross your selves, Gentlemen, for shades will fright,
 Especially if 't be an English Sprite:
 Vermilion this mans guilt, ceruse his fears;
 Sink th' others Eyes deep in his Head with cares:
 Another thoughtsome on Accounts, to see
 How his Disbursements with Receipts agree.
 Peep into Coaches, see Perriwigs neglected,
 Cross'd arms and legs of such as are suspected,
 Or do suspect what's coming, and foresee
 Themselves must share in this Polutrophy.

Painter, hast travell'd? Didst thou e'er see *Rome*?
 That fam'd piece there, *Angelo's* Day of Doom?
 Horrors and anguish of Descenders there,
 May teach thee how to paint Descenders here,
 Canst thou describe the empty shifts are made,
 Like that which Dealers call, *Forcing of Trade*?
 Some shift their Crimes, some Places; and among
 The rest, some will their Countreys too, ere long.
 Draw in a corner Gamesters, shuffling, cutting,
 Their little crafts, no wit, together putting:
 How to pack Knaves 'mongst Kings and Queens, to
 A saving Game, whilst Heads are at the stake: (make
 But cross their Cards, until it be confest,
 Of all the play, fair dealing is the best.
 Draw a Veil of Displeasure, one to Hide,
 And some prepar'd to strike a blow on's side,
 Let him that built high, now creep low to shelter,
 When Potentates must tumble, *Helter Skelter*.

The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone, as it was fit ;
 Such Marks as these could not chuse but be hit :
 The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone ; *Bartholme* day !
 Of all the days i'th' year, they're ta'en away.
 The Purse, Seal, Mace are gone, but to another
 Mitre ; I wish not so, though to my Brother :
 I care not for Translation to a See,
 Unless they would translate to *Italy*.

Now draw a Sail playing before the wind,
 From the North-west ; that which it leaves behind,
 Curses or out-cries, mind them not, till when
 They do appear Realities, and then . . .
 Spare not to paint them in their Colours, though
 Crimes of a *Viceroy* : *Deputies* have so
 Been serv'd e'er now. But if the Man prove true,
 Let him, with *Pharaoh's Butler*, have his due,
 Make the same wind blow strong against the shore
 Of *France*, to hinder some from coming o'er.
 And rather draw the Golden Vessel burning,
 Even there, then hither with her freight return.
 'Tis true the Noble Treasurer is gone :
 Wise, faithful, loyal ; some say th' only one :
 Yet I will hope we've Pilots left behind
 Can steer our Vessel without Southern Wind.

Women have grossly snar'd the wisest Prince
 That ever was before, or hath been since :
 And Granham *Athaliah* in that Nation,
 Was a great hinderer of Reformation.
 Paint in a new Piece painted *Jezabel* :
 Giv't to adorn the Dining Room of Hell :
 Hang by her others of the Gang ; for more —
 Deserve a place with *Resamond*, *Jane Shore*, &c.

Stay, Painter ; now look here's below a space,
 I'th' bottom of all this, what shall we place ?

Shall

Shall it be *Pope*, or *Turk*, or *Prince*, or *Nun*?

Let the Resolve write *Nescio*. So have done.

Expose thy Piece now to the world to see:

Perhaps they'll say of It, of Thee, of Me,

Poems and Paints can speake sometimes Bold Truths,

Poets and Painters are Licentious Touths.

*Quae sequuntur, in limine Thalami Regii, a nescio
quo nebulone scripta, reperibantur.*

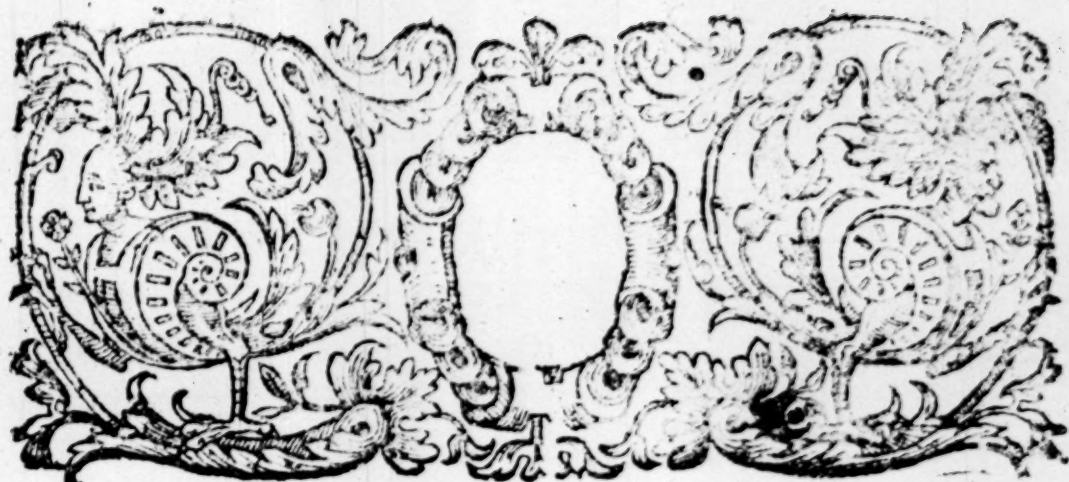
Bella fugis, Bellas sequeris, Belloq; repugnas

Et Bellatori, sunt tibi Bella Thorii

Imbelles Imbellia; amas, Audaxq; videris

Mars ad opus Veneris, Martis ad Arma Venus.

Clarín-



Clarindon's

HOUSE-WARMING.

When *Clarindon* had discern'd beforehand,
(As the Cause can eas'ly foretell the
Effect)

At once three Deluges threatening our Land ;
'Twas the season he thought to turn Architect.

Uls *Mars*, and *Apollo*, and *Vulcan* consume ;
While he the Betrayer of *England* and *Flanders* ;
Like the King-fisher chuseth to build in the Broom,
And nestles in flames like the Salamander.

G

But

But observing that Mortals run o'ten behind,
 (So unreasonable are the rates they buy-at)
 His Omnipotence therefore much rather design'd
 How he might create a House with a *Fiat*.

He had read of *Rhodope*, a Lady of *Thrace*,
 Who was dig'd up so often ere she did marry;
 And wish'd that his Daughter had had as much grace
 To erect him a Pyramid out of her Quarry.

But then recollecting how the Harper *Amphyon*
 Made *Thebes* dance aloft while he fiddled and sung,
 He thought (as an Instrument he was most free on)
 To build with the Jews-trump of his own tongue.

Yet a President fitter in *Virgil* he found,
 Of *African Pentney*, and *Tyrian Dide*,
 That he begg'd for a Pallace so much of his ground,
 As might carry the measure and name of an *Hyde*.

Thus daily his Gouty Inventions he pain'd,
 And all for to save the expences of Brickbat,
 That Engine so fatal, which *Denham* had brain'd.
 And too much resembled his Wives Chocolate.

But while these devices he all doth compare,
 None solid enough seem'd for his strong *Castor*;
 He himself would not dwell in a Castle of air,
 Though he had built full many a one for his Master.

Already he had got all our Money and Cattel,
 To buy us for slaves, and purchase our Lands;
 What *Joseph* by Famine, he wrought by Sea-Battel
 Nay scarce the Priests portion could scape from
 his hands. And

And hence like *Pharoah* that *Israel* prest (Draw,
To make Mortar and Brick, yet allow'd them no
He car'd not though *Egypt's* Ten Plagues us distress,
So he could to build but make Policy Law.

The *Scotch* Forts & *Dunkirk* but that they were sold,
He would have demolish'd to raise up his Walls;
Nay ev'n from *Tangier* have sent back for the mold,
But that he had nearer the Stones of *St. Pauls*.

His Wood would come in at the easierrate,
So long as the Yard had a Deal or a Spar:
His Friend in the Navy would not be ingrate, (War,
To grudge him some Timber who fram'd him the

To proceed in the Model he call'd in his *Allons*,
The two *Allons* when jovial, who ply him with
The two *Allons* who serve his blind Justice for bal- (gallons,
The two *Allons* who serve his Injustice for Tallons. (lance,

They approve it thus far, and said it was fine;
Yet his Lordship to finish it would be unable;
Unless all abroad he divulg'd the design,
For his House then would grow like a Vegetable.

His Rent would no more in arrear run to *Worster*,
He should dwell more noble, and cheap too at- (home,
While into a fabrick the Presents would muster;
As by hook and by crook the world cluster'd of (Atome.

He lik'd the advice, and then soon it assay'd; (ple:
 And Presents croud headlong to give good exam-
 So the Bribes overlaid her that *Rome* once betray'd;
 The Tribes ne'er contributed so to the Temple.

Straight Judges, Priests, Bishops, true sons of the Seal,
 Sinners, Governors, Farmers, Barquers, Patentees.
 Bring in the whole Mite of a year at a meal, (Cheese
 As the Cheddar Clubs Dairy to the incorporate

Bullocks, Beaks, Morley, Wyens fingers with tel-
 (ling
 Were shriveled, and *Clu terback, Eagers & Kips*;
 Since the Act of Oblivion was never such selling,
 As at this Benevolence out of the Snips.

'Twas then that the Chimney-Contractors he smoakd,
 Nor would take his beloved Canary in kind:
 But he swore that the Patent shoud ne'er be revok'd;
 No, would the whole Parliament kiss him behind.

Like *Jove* under *Aetna* o'erwhelming the Gyant,
 For foundation the *Bristol* sank in the Earth's
 (bowel;
 And *St. John* must now for the Leads be compliant,
 Or his right hand shall else be cut off with the
 (Trowel.

For surveying the building, *Prat* did the feat;
 But for the expence he rely'd upon *Worstenholm*,
 Who sat heretofore at the Kings Receipt;
 But receiv'd now and paid the Chancellours Cu-
 (stome.

By Subsidies to us both Clerick and Laick,
And with matter profane, cemented with holy,
He finish'd at last his Palace Mosaick,
By a Model more excellent than *Lesly's* Folly.

And upon the *Tarrus*, to consummate all,
A Lanthorn, like *Faux's* surveys the burnt Town,
And shews on the top by the Regal Gilt Ball,
V Where you are to expect the Scepter and Crown

Fond City, its Rubbish and Ruines that builds,
Like vain Chymists, a flower from its ashes re-
(turning;
Your Metropolis House is in *St James's* Fields,
And till there you remove, you shall never leave
burning

This Temple, of VVar and of Peace is the Shrine;
V Where this Idol of State sits ador'd and accur'd:
And to harden his Altar and Nostrils divine,
Great *Buckingham's* Sacrifice must be the first.

Now some (as all Builders must censure abide)
Throw dust in its Front, and blame situation:
And others as much reprehend his Backside,
As too narrow by far for his expatiation.

But do not consider how in process of times,
That for Name-sake he may with *Hyde Park* it en-
(large,
And with that convenience he soon for his Crime-
At *Tyburn* may land, and spare the Tower-
(Barge.

Or

Or rather how wisely his Stall was built near,
 Lest with driving too far his Tallow impair;
 When like the good Oxe, for publick good cheer,
 He comes to be roasted next St. James's Fair.

Upon his House.

Here lies the sacred Bones
 Of Paul beguiled of his Stones;
 Here lie Golden Briberies,
 The price of ruin'd Families;
 The Cavaliers Debenture-Wall,
 Fixt on an Eccentrick Basis;
 Here's Dunkirk-Town and Tangier-Hall,
 The Queens Marriage and all;
 The Dutchman's Templum Pacis.

Upon his Grand-Children.

Kendal is dead, and Cambridge riding post?
 What suter Sacrifice for Denham's Ghost?

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